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Miscellanies.

THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

Death is the tyrant of the imagination. His reign is in solitude and in darkness—in tombs and in prisons—over weak hearts and seething brains. He lives, without shape or sound, a phantasm, inaccessible to sight or touch—a ghastly and terrible Apprehension.

The fear of death is common to all. There never was a man of such hardihood of nerve, but he has, at one time or other, shrunk from peril. Death is a certain evil, (if life be a good)—Philosophy may welcome it, and passion may disregard its approach: but our instinct, which is always true, first commands us to fear. It is not so much the pain of dying, nor even the array of death, (though the "*pompa mortis*," is sufficiently repelling;)—but it is that tremendous thought—that vast impenetrable gloom, without depth, or breadth, or bound—which no reason can compass and no intellect pry into, that alarms. Our fancy is ripe with wonders, and it fills up the space between us and Heaven.

For my own part, I have, I must confess, greatly feared death. Some persons dread annihilation. But, to sleep forever without a dream—what is it if you feel it not? Let me not be understood as wishing for this state,—this negation of being. I only say, it cannot generate the same fears. It is a desert without life, or fear, or hope,—shadowless, soundless. But the grave, in our belief, is populous; is haunted by some intermediate nature; between flesh and spirit;—or if not, what then is it? I throw the question to the theologians.

The few friends of my youth are dead, save only one. She survives; but I am reminded often, when I am alone, that she may die—nay, that she must die soon, and leave me to younger spirits, (there is but one that cares for me)—to hopes which are half disappointed,—to friends who have forgotten the merry days we once passed together, to feverish and gnawing troubles,—and, last, to infirmity—and old age—and death.

——The progress from infancy to boyhood is imperceptible. In that long dawn of the mind, we take but little heed. The years pass by us one by one, little distinguishable from each other. But when the intellectual sun of our life is risen, we take due note of joy and sorrow. Our days grow populous with events: and through our nights, bright trains of thought run, illuminating the airy future, and dazzling the days we live in. We have the unalloyed fruition of hope; and the best is, the reality is to come.

——I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of elder persons. Not that they are in fact so; but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to maturity. Life seems to be a race which they have yet to run entirely. They have made no progress towards the goal. They are born—nothing further. But it seems hard, when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast, like Sisyphus, downwards in a moment; that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science, should be—with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations—made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul,—the piles and pyramids of precious thoughts which men heap together:—Where is Shakspeare's imagination?—Bacon's learning? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney,—the airy spirit of Fletcher,—and Milton's thought severe?—Methinks such things should not die and dissipate; when a hair can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last two thousand years! I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

Most of my friends have died calmly. One wasted away for months and months, and though death came slowly, he came too soon. I was told that Mr —— "wished to live."—On the very day on which he died, he tried to battle with the great king, to stand up against the coldness and faintness which seized upon him. But he died, notwithstanding, and though quietly, reluctantly. Another friend, (a female) died easily and in old age, surviving her faculties. A third, met death smiling. A fourth, was buried in Italian earth, among flowers and odorous herbs. A fifth—the nearest of all—died gradually, and his children came about him and were sad; but he was resigned to all fortunes, for he believed in a long "hereafter."

All that has been, and is to come, must die, and the grave must possess all. Already the temple of death is stored with enormous treasures. But it shall be filled, till its sides shall crack and moulder, and its gaunt king, "Death the skeleton," shall wither like his prey. Oh! if all the dead might speak, by what rich noises were that solemn temple haunted! What a countless throng of shapes is there,—kings and poets, philosophers and soldiers! What a catalogue might be reckoned—from the founder of the tower of Belus, to the Persian who encamped in the Babylonian squares—to Alexander and Socrates, and Plato,—to Cæsar,—to Alfred! Fair names, too, might be strung upon the list like pearls or glancing diamonds—creatures, who were once the grace and beauty of the earth, queens and gentle women—Antigone and Sappho—Corinna and the mother of the Gracchi. Portia and Agrippina. And the list bears too, the name of him who died an exile on his sea-surrounded rock, the first Emperor of France, the king, the conqueror of Italy, the Corsican soldier, Napoleon.

From Mrs Carmichael's Domestic Manners and Society in the West Indies.

THE CHASSEUR ANTS AND THEIR PREY.

One morning my attention was arrested at Laurel Hill, (Trinidad,) by a number of black-birds, whose appearance was foreign to me; they were smaller, but not unlike an English crow, and were perched on a calabash tree near the kitchen. I asked D., who, at that moment, came up from the garden, what could be the cause of the appearance of so many black birds. She said, "Missis, dem be a sign of de blessing of God; de are not de blessing, but only de sign, as we say, of God's blessing. Missis, you 'll see afore noon time, how de ants will come and clear de houses." At this moment, I was called to breakfast, and thinking it was some superstitious idea of D's, I paid no further attention to it.—In about two hours after this, I observed an uncommon number of chasseur ants crawling about the floor of the room; my children were annoyed by them, and seated themselves on a table, where their feet did not communicate with the floor.

They did not crawl upon my person, but I was now surrounded by them. Shortly after this, the walls of the room became covered by them, and next, they began to take possession of the tables and chairs. I now thought it necessary to take refuge in an adjoining room, separated only by a few ascending steps from the one we occupied; and this was not accomplished without great care and generalship; for, had we trodden upon one, we should have been summarily punished. There were several ants on the step of the stair, but they were not near so numerous as in the room we had left; but the upper room presented a singular spectacle; for not only were the floor and walls covered like the other room, but the roof was covered also.

The open rafters of a West India house, at all times, afford shelter to a numerous tribe of insects, more particularly the cockroach; but now their destruction was inevitable.—The chasseur-ants, as if trained for battle, ascended in regular thick files to the rafters, and threw down the cockroaches to their comrades on the floor, who, as regularly marched off with the dead bodies of cockroaches, dragging them away by their united efforts with amazing rapidity. Either the cockroaches were stung to death on the rafters, or else the fall killed them. The ants never stopped to devour their prey, but conveyed it all to their store-house. The windward windows of the room were glass, and a battle now ensued between the ants and the jack-spaniards on the panes of glass. The jack-spaniard may be called the wasp of the West Indies: it is twice as large as a British wasp, and its sting is in proportion more painful. It builds its nest in trees and old houses, and sometimes in the rafters of a room. The jack-spaniards were not quite such easy prey, for they used their wings, which not one cockroach had attempted. Two jack-spaniards, hotly pursued on the window, alighted on the dress of one of my children. I entreated her to sit still, and remain quiet. In an almost inconceivably short time, a party of ants crawled upon her frock, surrounded, covered the two jack-spaniards, and crawled again to the floor, dragging off their prey, and doing the child no harm. From this room, I went into an adjoining bed-chamber and dressing-room, and found them equally in possession of the chasseurs. I opened a large military chest of linens, which had been much infested; for I was determined to take every advantage of such able hunters; I found the ants already inside; I suppose, that they must have got in at some opening at the hinges.—I pulled out the linens on the floor, and with them hundreds of cockroaches, not one of which escaped.

We now left the house, and went to the chambers, built at a little distance; but these also were in the same state.—I next proceeded to open a store-room, at the further end of the house, for a place of retreat; but to get there, I had to return to the under-room, where the battle was now more hot than ever: the ants had commended an attack upon the rats and mice, and, strange as it may appear, they were no match for their apparently insignificant foes. They surrounded them, as they had the insect tribe, covered them over, and dragged them off, with a celerity and union of strength, that no one who has not watched such a scene can comprehend. I did not see one mouse or rat escape, and I am sure I saw a score carried off in a very short period.

We next tried the kitchen—for the store room and boy's pantry were already occupied; but the kitchen was equally the field of battle, between rats, mice, cockroaches, and ants killing them. A huckster negro came up selling cakes, and seeing the uproar, and the family and servants standing out in the sun, he said—"Ah, Missis, you have got the blessing of God to day, and a great blessing it be to get such a cleaning." I think it was about ten, when I first observed the ants; and about twelve, the battle was formidable; soon after one o'clock, the great strife commenced with the rats and mice; and about three, the houses were cleared. In a quarter of an hour more, the ants began to decamp, and soon not one was to be seen within doors, but the grass round the house was full of them; and they seemed now feasting on the remnant of their prey, which had been left on the road to their nests; and so the feasting continued till about four o'clock, when the blackbirds, who had never been long absent from the calabash and pois deux trees in the neighborhood, darted down among them, and destroyed, by millions, those who were too sluggish to make good their retreat. By five o'clock, the whole was over; before sunset, the negro houses, were cleared in the same way; and they told me they had seen the blackbirds hovering about the almond-trees close to the negro houses as early as seven in the morning. I never saw these blackbirds before or since, and the negroes assured me that they never were seen, but at such times.

From Sullivan's Address before the American Institute.

DEFECTS OF SCHOOLS.

The mere animal enjoyment of life is far from being well understood in this country. This subject better deserves an appropriate treatise than a short remark, which is all that this occasion allows. In this respect, we might be, with our abundant means, far more intelligent and happy than we are. If those benevolent persons who give a portion of their time to teaching in Lyceums, would discourse on the common sense practical philosophy of life, they would do far more good than they can do by discoursing ever so wisely on poetry, astronomy, rail-roads and steam engines. How to eat, how to sleep, how to labor, what air to breathe, how to be dressed, and how to be cleanly, concern every man, woman and child, for all these go to health, without which intellectual pleasures are of little worth.

It is believed that there are lasting and painful infirmities, which begin in the school room. It is a convenience, and a relief to a busy mother, to send her children to school for several hours in the day. She considers them safe, while so employed; not only so, they are getting learning, and preparing to get a living. But, at this tender age, while the bones are hardening, and the delicate structure of the human frame is easily deranged, it is more than probable that long continued *sitting* lays the foundation for diseases which show themselves in after life, and occasion affliction to the child, and cost and pain to the parents. The learning, that may be acquired in these early years, can be no compensation for such evils. It would be far better, for parent and child, to have good schools for *playing*, as well as learning, during the early years of infancy. The natural athletic action of the human system, has no tendency to deform or enfeeble it; while the tedious confinement of the school room is certain to do both. All that is contended for, is, that there should be a rational intermixture of bodily action and mental employment for children, as mutual auxiliaries in preserving health, and in acquiring learning; and however common such thoughts may be, they cannot be too often expressed until they are carried into practice and general effect.

Admit that all our *schools*, as they now exist, and all others which have been mentioned, if established, answered the purpose intended, they would only qualify young persons to commence the getting of a living, and to acquire property, as though the sole purpose of this life were to get, and to use, to keep, and to die possessed of, such things as can be weighed, measured and counted, or valued by money. It is not perceived, that it makes any part of the course of education, to teach *how to live, or for what to live.* Is it wise or consistent with human capacity, to limit education to the mere purpose of getting this world's goods, and to exclude all instruction as to the uses to which they should be applied, and as to their true value in comparison with other attainments? It is not assumed that property is, in general, misused among us, nor intended that the honorable industry which is enriching this country should be laid aside or interrupted. No doubt, this industry is conclusive proof of national welfare, as far as it goes. It is the source of the nob .

charities of which our citizens may justly be proud, since nearly all of these come from private donations, and not from the public chest. Passing by many cases which might be mentioned, we may select, with pride and pleasure, the recent munificence of one of our citizens, in aiding to bestow a new sense on those whom misfortune has bereaved. Such sensibility to the wants of others, sheds a glorious lustre on our land. It is not contended that the manner in which property is acquired, or used, is wrong, but that the education which qualifies one for no more than to acquire property, merely for its own sake, is not that education which qualifies any human being to be intelligent and happy.

From the Knickerbocker.

SOME NOTICE OF MRS TROLLOPE.

BY REV. T. FLINT.

In reply to the question which has been asked us, we are sure, a thousand times, what sort of person was Mrs Trollope, and what were her objects in visiting America? We reply, she was in person a short, plump figure, with a ruddy, round, Saxon face of bright complexion, forty-five, though not showing older than thirty-seven, of appearance singularly unladylike, a misfortune heightened by her want of taste and female intelligence in regard to dress, or her holding herself utterly above such considerations; though at times she was as much finer and more expensively dressed than other ladies, as she was ordinarily inferior to them in her costume. Robust and masculine in her habits, she had no fear of the elements, recklessly exposing herself in long walks to the fierce meridian sun or the pouring shower, owing a severe fever, no doubt, to those circumstances. Voluble as a French woman, shrill and piercing in the tones of her voice, piquant, and sarcastic in the tenor of her conversation, she was a most accomplished mimic; and as she had travelled in France and Italy, and knew the language and light literature of both those countries, and was, moreover, acquainted, as we knew from her correspondence, with the most distinguished men and women of genius in England; as she was, in particular, perfectly *au fait* in regard to every thing that concerned theatricals, and play writing, and play going people: as she had seen every body, and knew every body in Europe, of whom we hear, her conversation was remarkably amusing.

She was in correspondence while in this country, as we know, with Misses Mitford and Landon, and we believe with Campbell the poet, and other names well known to fame.—Having been trained to the expectation of inheriting a great fortune, and having views of conventional morals and decorum, not of the severer class, not restrained by religious considerations, and mixing much with the gay and pleasure-seeking, she had probably run through the common and allowed range of fashion, and exhausted the common forms of pleasure, and worn it all out to satiety; though we have every reason to believe that, while in America, whatever liberty she may have taken with the lesser morals, she was exemplary in her observance of the higher duties; she was amiable in the highest degree in her relations with the people about her in the suburbs of Cincinnati; where she resided, during the greater part of her stay in America, and among whom she was extremely popular, enacting among them *Lady Bountiful*, with a graciousness of distribution, and nursing the sick, which every where gains favor. Beside Hervieu, an amiable and most accomplished French painter, enthusiastically devoted to his profession, her family consisted of one son, now a distinguished member of one of the colleges in England, and two daughters; the three nearly arrived at maturity.

She come to this country, induced to the step, as we suppose, by the eloquence of Frances Wright, who was about at that time to bleach out the Ethiopian tinge of the negroes, by her own peculiar process, change their bumps, and make them free, wise, &c., as the French say, *toute de suite*, at Nashoba. Arriving there in a steam-boat from New-Orleans, after having had her fair and thin skin bitten by some hundred thousand musquitoes at the Balize, after imagining she could smell, in early spring, yellow fever in every gale, while ascending between the immense marshes to New-Orleans, and after informing herself so well about that city, as to affirm, that she could not purchase a box of paint in the place, merely because, inquiring along the Levee, she could find none in the shops where they sold pork and lard, she hurried away from the fever-doomed city, with the speed and terror with which Lot fled from burning Sodom, to Nashoba. There imagination unhappily awoke to reality. In two days, if we recollect, she fled from the halls and the bleaching process of Nashoba, cutting loose, we apprehend, from her platonic partnership with Miss Wright, whose eloquence and power she used to vaunt, but whose brain she deemed touched; and came, as fast as steam would waft her, to Cincinnati, where she arrived without a line of introduction to any individual, and where our acquaintance with her commenced.

There, visited by her husband, who spent one winter with her, she passed two desultory and aimless seasons, rearing, the while, a huge building called a Bazaar, which was no air-castle, but a queer, unique, crescented Turkish Babel, so odd, that no one has seen it since without wonder and a good humored laugh; a building which cost her twenty-four thousand dollars, on which she actually paid some twelve or thirteen thousand, leaving the remainder minus, spending, probably, four or five thousand dollars more in French articles of fancy finery, which she exposed for sale in stalls in this building; and so injudiciously, owing to her total ignorance of the American market, and of the proper place in which to build her Bazaar, and to her entrusting the sales to irresponsible and probably dishonest foreigners, that the establishment ran her in debt, instead of yielding her a revenue. But this was not the sorest evil. The ladies of the interior, overdo the ladies of the Atlantic cities in dress, as imitators generally overreach their model in show and gaudiness. In such a town as Cincinnati, persons are measured by their exterior. It was to no purpose to urge that she was endowed, amusing, and a blue stocking dyed in the wool. None would welcome or receive her, save in four respectable families, and they were not families that gave parties; for to parties she was never admitted.

Let us do justice to Mrs Trollope, though she has done so little to us. As the periodicals have described her, she was a woman of uncommon cleverness, a first-rate talker; and she went, as they say in the West, for quantity of that article. She was the most accomplished mimic we have met in our walks. She knew more about plays, English, French and Italian, than any person with whom we are acquainted She had been familiarly acquainted with Lord Byron, as we should infer from the style of his writing in her album, and with most of the persons of name before the public. Among the great number of her gross misrepresentations, the greater part, we have no question, were the result of her ignorance, as that about inability to procure a box of paints in New-Orleans. Others were the fruit of inflated Anglo-mania, which she carried to the utmost extreme. But among these, as grains of wheat in a peck of chaff, there are, we are sorry to be obliged in conscience to say, a great many stinging truths, which it is much more becoming to hearken to, and reform the habits and errors which they censure, than to be angry with her for uttering them. Among them, is the villanous and filthy and savage and universal habit, growing into use even by boys, of chewing and smoking tobacco; and we are compelled to say, that we have noted, in a recent journey of great extent, a fact which, since Mrs Trollope has called our attention to it, has forced itself on our observation, that the Americans are most filthily given to spitting; though they do not, as the Edinburgh says, spit as soon as they are born, and spit through life, and spit out their expiring breath. Let her apply the lash to these vile customs.—Let her correct the visible rudeness and boorishness of manners, that seems to be growing up from our habits of equality, and being all as though inmates of a public house on the road and in steam-boats. Her rebukes have already done visible good. May they still do more. There is ample space for further improvement.

GEORGE FREDERICK COOKE.

The following anecdote of Cooke, was told by Matthews, the mimic, to a company of friends in a steam-boat; among whom was William Dunlap, author of the History of the American Theatre, from which the extract is taken.

Seated in the captain's cabin, and freed from all annoyance, Matthews became, as usual, the fiddle of the company, and story, anecdote, imitation, and song poured from him with the rapidity and brilliancy of the stars which burst from a rocket on a rejoicing night. To make himself still more agreeable to the senior, he introduced the memoirs of George Frederick, with that flattery which is delicious to all men, and peculiarly so to an author. "The story of Cooke and Mrs Burns," he added, "you have told remarkably well, and when I have introduced it in my '*Youthful Days*,' I have always taken your words; but Tom Cooper, from whom, as I understand, you had it, forgot the termination of the story —the real *denouement*—which makes it infinitely more dramatic." All joined in the request that Matthews would tell the story in his own way, and he, nothing loath, began:

"I was a raw recruit in the Thespian corps, and it was my first campaign in Dublin. Chance made me a fellow-lodger with Cooke, at the house of Mrs Burns. I had looked at the great actor with an awful reverence, but had not yet been honored by any notice from him.

In getting up Macklin's *Love a la mode*, I had been cast for a Beau Mordecai, and assuredly a more unfit representative of the *little Jew*, can scarcely be imagined. As tall as I now am, I had then all the rawboned awkwardness of a *hobbletehoy*, and no knowledge of the world or of the stage.—But Mr Cooke must be shown to the Dublin public in Sir Archy, and there was no other Mordecai to be had. I was, however, perfect in the words; and if I murdered the Jew, I did it impartially; I murdered him 'every inch.'

After the farce, I *tarried* as you Yankees say, *a considerable time* at the theatre, rather choosing to linger among the expiring dips and candles of the dressing rooms, than to seek, through rain and mud my lofty but comfortless abode in Mrs Burns' garret; but the property-man gave me my cue to depart, by putting out the lights; and I was slowly mounting to my bed, when, as I passed the room of the great man, I saw him, (the door being open) sitting with a jug before him, indulging after the labors of the evening. I was stealing by, and had already one foot on the flight of stairs which led to my exalted apartment, when I was arrested by a loud high pitched voice, crying, 'Come hither, young man.' I could scarcely believe my senses: I hesitated. 'Come in,' was repeated. I advanced. 'Shut the door, and sit down.' I obeyed. He assumed an air of courtesy, and called upon Mistress Burns for another tumbler, filled for himself and me.

'You will be so kind, my good Mistress Burns, as to bring another tumbler of whiskey-punch in honor of our friend.' 'To be sure I will, Mr Cooke.' The punch was brought, and a hot supper, an unusual luxury then to me. After supper, the veteran, quite refreshed and at ease, chatted incessantly of plays and players,—lashing some, commending others,—while I, delighted to be thus honored, listened and laughed; thus playing naturally and sincerely the part of a most agreeable companion. After the third jug of punch, I was sufficiently inspired to ask a few questions, and even to praise the acting of the veteran.

'To use your words, as I have often before done,' said Matthews, addressing himself to the biographer, 'one jug of whiskey-punch followed the other;' and Cooke began to advise his young companion how to conduct himself on the real and mimic scene of life. 'You are young, and want a friend to guide you. Talent you have; but talent without prudence is worthless, and may be pernicious. Take my word for it, there is nothing can place a man at the head of his profession but industry and sobriety. Mistress Burns!—Shun ebriety as you would shun destruction. Mistress Burns! another jug of whiskey-punch, Mistress Burns.'

'Oh Mister Cooke—'

'You make it so good, Mistress Burns, another jug.'

'In our profession, my young friend, dissipation is the bane of hundreds; 'villainous company,'—low company leads to drinking; and the precious time is lost which should have been employed in gaining that knowledge which alone can make men respectable. Ah! thank you, Mistress Burns; this has the true Hibernian smack.'

'You may say that, Mr Cooke.'"

It is needless to remind the reader, that with the aid of Matthews' powers of imitation, sometimes called ventriloquism in this humbugging world, all this, and much more would be extremely pleasant, and the more especially as the company had repeated supplies of the same inspiring beverage from the steward, and almost as good, certainly as strong as that of Mrs Burns.

Matthews went on to describe the progress of Cooke's intoxication, during which, his protests against drunkenness became stronger with each glass. He then undertook to instruct the tyro in the histrionic art, and especially in the manner of exhibiting the passions. Here it would be in vain to endeavor to follow Matthews: Cooke's grimaces and voice —while his physical powers, under the government of whiskey, rebelled at every effort against the intention of the lecturer,—were depicted by the mimic in a manner beyond the conception of even those who have seen the public exhibition of his talents: here all was unrestrained gig and fun, and the painting truly *con amore*, and glowing from heart and glass.

'It must be remembered,' continued Mr Matthews, 'that I was but a boy, and Cooke in the full vigor of manhood, with strength of limb, and voice Herculean. I had the highest reverence for his talents, and literally stood in awe of him; so that when he made his horrible faces, and called upon me to name the passions he had depicted, I was truly frightened,—overwhelmed with the dread of offending him, and utterly at a loss to distinguish one grimace from another, except as one was *more* and another *most* savage and disgusting.'

'Now, sir—observe—what's that?'

'Revenge—'

'Revenge, you booby! pity, pity!'

'Then, after making another hideous contortion of countenance, he cries,

'What is that, sir?'

'Very fine sir, very fine, indeed.'

'But *what* is it, sir?'

'Forced to answer, and utterly unable to guess the meaning of the distorted face which he then again thrust before me, I stammered out.

'Anger, sir.'

'Anger!'

'Yes sir, anger, to be sure.'

'To be sure, you are a blockhead! Look again, sir, look again! It's fear, sir—fear. You play! you a player!'"

Matthews then exhibited the face of Cooke, as he distorted it to express the tender passion,—a composition of satanic malignity and the brutal leering of a drunken satyr,—and imitating Cooke's most discordant voice.

"'There, sir; that is love.'

'This,' continued Matthews, 'was more than I could bear: even my fears could not restrain my laughter: I roared. He started at first; but immediately assuming a more serious aspect, he cried,'

'What, do you laugh, sir? Is George Frederick Cooke to be made a laughing stock for a booby? What, sir!'

'Luckily, at that moment, Mrs Burns stood with the door partly opened, and another jug in her hands.' 'You must pardon me, sir,' I said, with a quickness which must have been the inspiration of whiskey, 'but you happened to turn

your soft and languishing look towards the door just as Mrs Burns opened it, and I could not but think of the dangerous effect of such a look upon her sex's softness.'

'He laughed; and embracing the jug as the good woman put it down, he looked at Mrs Burns, and with some humor endeavored to sing, "*How happy could I be with either, were t'other dear charmer away;*" but with a voice which defies art and nature for a comparison.'

'Mistress Burns now protested against any more punch; but after some time agreed, upon Cooke's solemn promise to be satisfied with one more jug, to bring it.'

'But remember your honor, Mister Cooke; and *that* is the jewel of a jontleman; and sure you have pledged it to me, you have.'

'I have, my good Mistress Burns; and it is "the immediate jewel of the soul," as you say.'

'I said no such thing; but I'll be as good as my word; and one more jug you shall have, and the divil a bit more, jewel or no jewel!'

'I was heartily tired by this time, and placed my hope on Mrs Burns' resolution. The last jug came, and was finished; and I wished him good night.'

'Not yet, my dear boy.'

'It's very late, sir.'

'Early, early; one jug more.'

'Mrs Burns will not let us have it, sir.'

'She will not! I'll show you that presently!'

Then followed as a fine specimen of imitation; Matthews, as Cooke, calling upon Mrs Burns, (who was in the room below, and in bed,) and then giving her answers, as coming up through the floor, in the manner called ventriloquism.

'Mistress Burns! Do you hear, Mistress Burns!'

'Indeed *and I do*, Mister Cooke.'

'Bring me another jug of whiskey-puncn, Mistress Burns?'

'Indeed *and I won't*, Mister Cooke!'

'You won't?'

'Indeed and indeed *so I won't.*'

'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' (smashing the jug on the floor.)

'Indeed *and I do*, and you 'll be sorry for it to-morrow.'

He then regularly took the chairs, one by one, and broke them on the floor immediately over Mrs Burns' head, after every crash, crying, 'Do you hear that, Mistress Burns?' and she as regularly answering, 'Indeed *and I do*, Mister Cooke.' He next opened the window and threw the looking glass into the street.

'I stood,' continued Matthews, 'in a state of stupid amazement during this scene; but now attempted to make my escape, edging towards the door, and making a long stride to the garret stairs.

'Come back, sir! Where are you going?'

'To bed, sir.'

'To bed, sir! What sir! desert me! I command you to remain, on your allegiance! Desert me in time of war!—Traitor!'

I now determined to make resistance; and feeling pot-valiant, looked big and boldly answered.

'I will *not* be commanded! I *will* go to bed!'

'Aha!' cried the madman, in his highest key, 'Aha! do you rebel? Caitiff! wretch! murderer!'

He advanced upon me, and I shrank to nothing before his flashing eye. 'Murderer!' and he seized me by the collar with Herculean grip. 'You will go! I will send you to the place you are fittest for! Murderer, I'll drag you to your doom! I'll give you up to Fate! Come along, caitiff!' and he dragged me to the open window, vociferating. 'Watch! watch! murder! murder!' in his highest and loudest key.

"Immediately the rattles were heard approaching in all directions, and a crowd instantly collected. He continued vociferating 'watch! watch! murder!' until the rattles and exclamations of the watchmen almost drowned his stentorian voice.

'What's the matter? who's kilt? who's murdered? Where's the murderer?'

'Silence!' screamed Cooke; 'hear me!' All became hushed. Then holding me up to the window, the raving tragedian audibly addressed the crowd—"In the name of Charles Macklin, I charge this culprit, Charles Matthews, with the most foul, cruel, deliberate, and unnatural murder of the unfortunate Jew, Beau Mordecai, in the farce of *Love a la mode*. Then pulling down the window, he cried, 'Now go to bed, you booby! go to bed! go to bed! go to bed!'

From the Ladies' Magazine.

FLOWERS.

To the good lady, who, when called upon to admire the flowering plants, which ornamented a spot of ground that had been cultivated with some care and taste, declared, in the plenitude of her compassion for the sick, "I had rather cultivate a burdock than the whole of them,"—it would seem puerile to expatiate on the beauty of flowers, and senseless to mention their value; but the class to which this Lady belongs is probably a small one, as we may argue from the circumstance that it seems natural for all children to love them. I have seen a little boy run to his mother, with the first full-blown dandelion which Spring had disclosed to him, half concealed in the folds of his robe, and with the most joyful expression of countenance exclaim, "Now, mother, I have found something that will please you."

And where is the child who would not joyfully throw aside his hobby-horse and his coach, his silver bells and gilded St. Peters, for a merry ramble in the woods, for the golden spoil of butter-cups, columbines, and bellwort? The first sensation of happiness which I ever experienced, which was sufficiently lively to be remembered, was excited in this manner; and so strong is the association, that I have never seen a ragged ledge of rocks, with its usual embellishments of dwarf oaks, and the storm-stemming columbines, swinging their pendent blossoms of coral and gold from its zig-zag fissures, without emotions of the same unmixed pleasure, and the whole train of bees and butterflies, and sunny moss-beds stealing over my memory, like a lovely dream.

But it is not children alone who are susceptible of happiness from this source. Cowper, in his years of melancholy seclusion on the banks of the Ouse, declares himself indebted to his garden and green-house, for his only happiness, and resorted to them, as is well known, as his only refuge from the hauntings of a disordered imagination; and Kosciusko, the Patriot and Hero, we find on the high and rocky banks of the Hudson, with indefatigable toil and inexhaustible patience, carrying soil in baskets and depositing it in "the recesses of the rocks, thus supplying the deficiency of nature," that he might, surrounded as he was with war, and all its accompanying scenery, "amuse his leisure moments in the cultivation of flowers."

But a more affecting instance than is pictured by the "garden of Kosciusko" or of the melancholy poet—of the solace which the cultivation of flowers has afforded to afflicted humanity, is presented by Bishop Heber, in his travels in India. "On the top of the rock of Chunar, within its principal circle, and on a still higher point, are two curious fortifications; one containing the State Prison, which is now inhabited by the celebrated Mahratta Chieftain Trimbuk-jec. He is confined with great strictness, having a European, as well as Sepoy guard, and never being trusted out of sight of the sentries. Even his bed-chamber has three grated windows opening into the verandah, which serves as guard-room. In other respects he is well treated—has a small building fitted up as a pagoda, and a little garden, shaded with a peepul tree, *which he has planted very prettily with Balsams and other flowers.*"

If the "Corrinna," of Madame de Stael, had employed herself in cultivating, with her own hands, some of the Italian flowers, with the perfume of which, as she *wandered, whole days, on the banks of the Arno*, she sought to smother the consciousness of her misery, she would not have died of a broken heart. But Madame de Stael, was too well acquainted with our nature, to permit one whom she destined to such a fate, to engage in any employment.

We can have no reasonable doubt, that the cultivation of flowers has a happy influence on the minds of the young, with regard to religious impressions. I have seen a young girl while she looked with the enthusiasm of a Florist on the beautiful dye of "the blue-eyed periwinkle," exclaim "Whose pencil could thus have painted it, while every eye slept but God's?. Last evening the petals were folded and white!" Nor when we consider "the grace of the fashion" of them, from the stately, queen-like form of the Crown Imperial, to the graceful peasant-like simplicity of the Eglantine; and the endless variety of their tints, from the velvet crimson of the Piony, and the blush of the Rose, to the marble purity of the polished Lily, can we suppose it possible that habitual familiarity with them should fail to cherish a delicacy and refinement of taste, which no female, at least, could undervalue.

We may then not only with innocence, but, as Hannah More has said, we may "almost religiously" enjoy this banquet for the eye, which is spread before "every nation, and people, and kindred and tongue," and may even *venture to be grateful*, that, turned from Paradise, to a land that should "bring forth Thorns and Thistles," even here the rose is permitted to spring as spontaneously as the thistle, and the blossom to decorate the stem of the thorn.

How often has the weary eye of sickness been lighted to a smile, by a vase of beautiful flowers, placed within its reach of vision; and the gratitude of the heart ascended, with the fragrance of the rose, a sweet offering to God! And how often has the otherwise dreary abode of penury, presented an aspect of cheerful pleasantness, through the laudable bestowment of a few hours' labor in the planting of vines and shrubs!

But it was not my only object, at this season of the year, when a view of the changing leaf and the frost-nipped blossom effectually chases away that enthuastic emotion of delight, with which we hail the first flowers of Spring, to bid adieu to a parting friend, with impressions of attachment and regret, but to intimate to those young ladies, who, in spite of themselves, in spite too of books, and company, and amusements, have a portion of their time still occupied by that worst of companions, Ennui; that October is a favorable and proper month for improving the condition and arrangements of flower-beds, or of forming new ones; for planting, transplanting and separating roots which are required to blossom early in spring; and to recommend to them with the confidence of one who has tested the efficacy of the plan, to strip the glove from the hand, and engage with hearty good-will in the sweet employment.

They are assured that what is lost in delicacy of fingers, is made up in strength of muscle and firmness of nerve, and elasticity of animal spirits. It may be a bold remark, but I believe many of the cases of nervous excitement, and partial derangement of intellect, which are so painfully frequent in these days of mental excitement, and physical inactivity, might be avoided by daily engaging in this species of out-door exercise. Who ever heard of a deranged or unhappy Gardener?

FUEL FROM WATER.—The following is extracted from a communication of Mr Morey, in Silliman's Journal of Science, detailing the results of experiments in the combustion of the vapor of water, with that of the spirits of turpentine or alcohol, and atmospheric air.

The experiments which I have made, have proved practically, that an engine with a power equal to driving a boat four miles per hour, and a rail road car twice that distance in the same time, with ten or twelve passengers, may be made for one hundred dollars; and that the engine, with its preparing vessel, (a substitute for the boiler in the steam engine,) need not weigh one hundred pounds, and the expense of working it will not exceed ten or twelve cents per hour. There are certainly no difficulties to be removed. These facts have been verified practically and repeatedly, before hundreds of people.

Some recent improvements in the mode of constructing lamps for burning water to produce light and heat, have perfected the operations for these purposes. It now carries demonstration in every form. For instance, when you put but one fourth of a gill of spirits of turpentine into the lamp, and as much water, and raise the temperature to less than that of boiling water, the vapor that comes over will be in the ratio of about equal parts of each; if, in the combustion of those vapors, a due proportion of air is mixed and inflamed, it will in a few minutes boil a two-quart copper teakettle.—If small brass wire is brought over and in contact with the flame, it instantly drops in pieces; small copper wire is readily melted; fine iron wire, if the proportions be right, is instantly inflamed; and thin sheet copper with a small piece of silver, or silver solder on it with borax, being exposed to the flame, the silver melts in a few seconds, and the copper very soon; and this is done while the vapor is not concentrated in any way, and issues only with a velocity about the same as that of gas in gas lights.

This discovery gives every promise of supplying much cheaper fuel, (as a fuel,) exclusive of a clear saving of light than any now in use.

UNROLLING OF A MUMMY.—An extremely interesting examination of a mummy took place at the Charing Cross Hospital, in the presence of several gentlemen who had been invited by Mr Pettigrew to witness the process. Mr Pettigrew having given some remarks upon the subject of the mummies generally, proceeded with the developement of the mummy under observation. He remarked that between the different layers of cloth, there was gum and bituminous matter, and that the foot was soft, which promised well for the authenticity of the mummy. (The general interest now became very great, and every step was watched with the utmost curiosity.) It was here discovered that the feet were gilt; it was presently discovered that the legs were gilt; the hands were lying by the sides, and near the abdomen was found a small mass which appeared as if it might have been a papyrus covered with bituminous matter; the thumb and fore finger of the right hand were strongly gilt. Mr Pettigrew remarked, that a mummy which was unwrapped in the Haymarket some time since, had occasioned doubt whether the gilding was applied at the time, as the accounts had described the nails only as being gilt; but this instance set the matter at rest, for the body appeared to have been gilt all over. The subject was a male, and the beard was extremely perfect, and of some length, rather curled and red. Several insects were found, which had been preying upon the skin. Some remarkable, light, fine crystals, were found near the right hand, and some small pieces of grey wool near the back of the neck. The mummy is supposed to have been preserved in wax. The bituminous matter appeared to have been applied exceedingly hot, making the removal of the coverings very difficult.—*English Paper.*

SADNESS.—There is a mysterious feeling that frequently passes like a cloud over the spirits. It comes upon the soul in the busy bustle of life, in the social circle, in the calm and silent retreats of solitude. Its powers are alike supreme over the weak and the iron hearted. At one time it is caused by the flitting of a single thought across the mind. Again, a sound will come booming across the ocean of memory, gloomy and solemn as the death knell, overshadowing all the bright hopes and sunny feelings of the heart. Who can describe it, and yet who has not felt its bewildering influence. Still it is a delicious sort of sorrow; and like a cloud dimming the sunshine of the river, although causing a momentary shade of gloom, it enhances the beauty of returning brightness.

He who ploughs his land and breeds cattle, spins *gold* and weaves *bank bills*.

Editor's Correspondence.

Translated by N. L. T. for the Literary Journal.

REMOVAL OF THE THEBAN OBELISK.

Mr Editor.—Many of your readers are probably aware of the design which had been for some years in agitation in France, to attempt the removal from Egypt, of one of the immense monuments, formed of a single block of granite, which stood before the propylon of the ancient temple or palace at Luxor, among the ruins of Ancient Thebes. This was, of course, an undertaking of great difficulty; but contrary to the anticipations of many, it proved completely successful. One of these stupendous masses of stone was taken from its foundation, carried down the Nile, and transported to France, without injury. A communication recently presented to the French National Institute, by Delaborde, contains a description of the process; together with much valuable information respecting the means adopted in former times, for the removal and re-erection of several other similar monuments. The interesting character of this paper, as well as the reputation of its author, have induced me to offer the annexed translation for your columns. N. L. T.

Description of the Obelisks of Luxor, represented on the Places of "*la Concorde*" and "*des Invalides*;" with an account of the operations relative to the transportation of one of these monuments to the Capital: read at the public meeting of the French Institute, on the third of August, 1833: by M. Alexander Delaborde.

"*Leur masse indestructible a fatigué le Temps.*"
"Time is fatigued with their imperishable masses."
Delille.

The most ancient and perhaps the most surprising of the monuments of antiquity were erected in the Egyptian Capitals. Of these, no model or imitation can give but a faint idea. Grandeur and elegance: beauty of material and perfection of workmanship are combined in these giant monoliths; these enduring trophies of the genius and glory of Sesostris. At the sight of them, one asks, who were the people that have raised from the quarry, masses so gigantic: for what end, and through what means; what signify these mysterious emblems, these magic characters, as Lucian says, which cover their sides; and, finally, how came these *chef-d'œuvres* of the arts among us, so perfect and entire? It is to these different questions, that we seek a reply.

All nations have had their temples and their palaces; the sanctuary of divinity and the habitation of kings, have always been distinguished by their particular construction; but the Egyptians alone have placed before their edifices, these grand emblems to designate the purposes for which they were erected. Such was the object of the Obelisks, a kind of elongated pyramid, or needle-shaped column, upon which, was engraved the name of the sovereign who had built the edifice, and the god to which it was consecrated.

The forms, on this account, which have been transmitted to us by Hermopion, the last of the Greeks who appears to have had a knowledge of the hieroglyphic language, are in accordance with the new interpretation given them by the illustrious author of the Egyptian Grammar, M. Champollion, who recently aroused the attention of the learned world.

The Obelisks are then, in reality, both sacred and historical monuments; and it is doubtless on account of their double character, and also in consideration of their beauty, that they have stood so long uninjured.

When the ferocious Cambyses prostrated the monuments of Egypt, his fury seems to have been arrested before the Obelisks; and at Thebes he put an end to the universal destruction which marked his course, before it had reached these monuments.

Augustus did more. He conceived the idea of transporting them to the capital of the world. Having found Rome built of brick, and wishing "to leave it of marble," he sought still farther to embellish it, by a species of stone until that time unknown: this was granite, which he said reflected the rays of the sun, and appeared to be variegated with specks of gold.

An enormous vessel was constructed for the purpose; which brought to Alexandria two Obelisks: one of which was placed in the Grand Circus and the other in the Camp of Mars. It was, without doubt, on this occasion that the Romans again sought to discover the means by which the Egyptians were able to raise from the quarries, transport, and so easily elevate, single blocks of such enormous dimensions; but it was in vain. They could discover no trace of the method; for all tradition relating to it had long been lost.

The architect of Ptolemy Philadelphus could devise no other means, for transporting one of the Obelisks of Thebes to Alexandria, than by digging a canal from the Nile, to the monument. Two boats placed side by side, were loaded with stone, to twice the weight of the Obelisk; in order that they might pass under it, while its two ends were lying on the banks of the canal. Then as the stone ballast was thrown out, the boats rose, and at last supporting the Obelisk, easily carried it off. Diodorus Siculus speaks of immense inclined planes, which served to elevate different courses of stone; a custom still followed by many Eastern nations little advanced in the arts; who to this day raise heavy weights in that manner.—Indeed, one becomes bewildered among the number of tales reported by Pliny and others, who suppose that twenty thousand men were employed in raising one of the Obelisks; and that a son of the king was placed upon its summit, in order to encourage the workmen. We should do injustice to the Egyptians, by admitting that their means and resources were so feeble as this; while the paintings which still remain upon their tombs, prove them to have been far advanced in the mechanic arts. They not only could raise with facility, similar monuments, of which the greatest did not weigh seven hundred thousand; but temples of a single piece, such as those of Sais and Butos, of enormous stones weighing six or eight millions of pounds. Following the example of Augustus, Caligula transported to Rome a third Obelisk; and the vessel or raft, on which he placed it, was so vast, that it was sufficient, under the Emperor Claudius, to lay the foundation of one side of the port of Ostium. Notwithstanding these Obelisks were not the largest, they appear to have been moved with more difficulty than the others.

Constantine wished, in this respect, to surpass his predecessors, by removing to Byzantium, one of the great Obelisks of Thebes. He succeeded in carrying it to Alexandria; but on his death, his son Constans, changed its destination, and made preparation for transferring it to Rome. A raft of greater magnitude than any heretofore known, was constructed: three hundred oarsmen manned the vessel, the main-mast of which was so large that two men could not span it with their arms. It arrived safely at the banks of the Tiber: and an opinion may be formed of the mechanic arts at Rome at that period, by the uncommon means which were employed to move it. In order to raise it, says Ammius Marcellus, an immense frame-work of heavy timber was constructed which had the appearance of a forest. The joists and cross beams, the ropes and cables obscured the heavens; it was, says he, in the midst of this great apparatus, that the mountain covered with inscriptions, was raised by the united efforts of several thousand men.

The erection of another Obelisk, some time after, during the reign of Theodosius at Constantinople, is supposed to have been effected with less skill, and thirty-two days were occupied in elevating it. A representation of the apparatus which was used for this purpose, is sculptured on a pedestal; and is a circular platform, which is evidently the figure of an inclined plane, upon which the Obelisk was raised by means of several windlasses or capstans. These imperfect means sufficiently prove that they had lost all tradition of the Egyptian mechanical science.

In the incursions of the barbarians, the Obelisks of Rome shared the same fate with the other monuments. Some were buried beneath the ruins; others were destroyed: and eight centuries had passed, before the people dreamed of raising them from the accumulated dust of so many ages; when they were again restored to the capital of the civilized world.

Sixtus V. first suggested the idea of again raising the Obelisk of Caligula: the project was made known to the public: many p[illegible] were presented: that of Fontana had the preference [illegible] what wash is plan! a mere repetition of the process described by Ammius Marcellus. There were employed eight hundred men, eighty horses, one hundred capstans, and a forest of timber; double the strength required; yet this operation passed for a wonder, and twenty elegant medals have transmitted the event to posterity.

After that period, no further inquiry appears to have been made respecting the practicability of moving or erecting Obelisks: and nothing was attempted beyond an imperfect imitation of some one of them, by erections of brick and stone laid in courses; whereby the whole character and effect of the original monument was destroyed.

Egypt, for the last ten centuries, had been sunk in a state of barbarism: and it was with the greatest difficulty and hazard, that travellers were able to explore the country to which Pythagoras and Plato went to receive inspiration from the genius of the Sciences: when a great man undertook to restore its existence and its glory. His triumphant army, after having saluted the Pyramids with a victory, advanced towards Thebes: but there they suddenly halted, and clapped their hands at the sight of the magnificent monuments before them! In his enthusiasm, he wished to be able to transport them all to Paris, with the flags of the enemy which he had just vanquished: or at least to present fragments of them for public admiration: but the war with England interrupted all communication. Thirty years have passed since that celebrated land was taken possession of; and nothing great would have remained of the expedition, if the idea had not arisen of transporting one of the Obelisks to France. With whom originated the idea? Many distinguished persons contend for it: but the greatest honor is due to those, who so ingeniously and so happily have just put it in execution; and for this, the French Marine is entitled to all the praise. The difficulties were great. It was necessary to construct a vessel large enough to contain the Obelisk, and deep enough to keep the sea; and yet whose draught of water should admit of its descending the Nile and ascending the Seine. At the request of the author of this article, M. Besson, an officer of the French Marine and Director of the arsenal at Alexandria, sent the model of an enormous raft, upon which he proposed to bring it from Thebes to the sea, and which might afterwards be towed by a steam boat.

This project, was submitted to a special commission in 1829, but was not adopted: and it was determined to build a vessel at Toulon, expressly for the purpose. She was called the *Luxor*, after the village which occupies a part of the ruins of Thebes. M. Verinac accepted the command of the vessel: and the operations for taking down and transporting the monument, were intrusted to M. Lebas, an old graduate of the Polytechnic School and engineer of the Marines.—Both acquitted themselves of their mission with as much skill as perseverance.

In the month of March 1831, this barge left Toulon, and soon reached Alexandria. But it was in ascending the Nile that the difficulties commenced. Fifty hours was occupied in passing the elbow or bend of Panopolis, although but a league in length, with a temperature of thirty-eight degrees of Reanmur. All the cables for fasts, all the boats for towing them, were destroyed in this laborious passage; and at the last bend of the river, five leagues from Thebes, but a single boat remained afloat; and two of their cables were almost reduced to oakum.

At length they arrived opposite the palace of Luxor, situated upon an artificial bank at a short distance from the Nile. The first thing to be done on their arrival, was to clear away the rubbish from the Obelisks in order to uncover their foundation which was buried at a great depth. They then saw the two monuments in all their beauty, and selected the one they thought most desirable for removal. They are both of admirable workmanship and in excellent preservation; the largest measures twenty-five metres, or seventy-five feet in height;* the other is three feet shorter. In order to conceal this difference as much as possible, the smallest was placed in advance of the other, and upon a more elevated base. Three vertical rows of hieroglyphics cover the faces of these two monuments. The centre range is cut to the depth of fifteen centimetres, or three-fourths of an inch. The two others are scarcely cut out; and this difference of relief varies the reflection and play of the shades. The multiplied *cartouches* upon the four faces, present both the name and prænomen of Rhamesses or Sesostris; and contain his praises and the recital of his achievements.

The socle or foundation thus uncovered, presents on the North-east and South-west sides, the figures of four cyno-

*About equal to eighty-three English feet.

cephalous (dog-headed) apes, exhibiting on their breasts the same legend of Rhamesses; *"Beloved of Ammon: approved by the Sun,"* &c. &c. which is recognized on the base of the same monument. It is difficult to assign the exact period and the place of this sovereign in the list of the principal Pharaohs of the Egyptian dynasties; but it is certain that he is the same warrior whose conquests are traced on the monuments of Upper Egypt and Nubia, extending to Syria, Ethiopia, and even to Greece. From the passage in Tacitus, one cannot doubt the identity of this Rhamesses, with the "*Sesostris*" of Herodotus and Strabo, and the "first King of the nineteenth dynasty," of Manetho. His portrait, his costume, his name and prænomen, are found on the greatest monuments, and chiefly those of Ipsamboul and Derri. The difference in the dimensions of the two Obelisks arose from the extreme difficulty of extracting at the same time two such masses from a single quarry, like that of Syene, which contains the most beautiful rose-colored granite or syenite. It was necessary, first, to find in the mountain, a mass of stone, without fissures or defects, an hundred feet in length by twelve in diameter; this mass must be disengaged from the quarry, and moved without breaking its finely pointed end, or defacing its angles; an operation of great difficulty, which was far from being always successful. The latter difficulty was one of those which M. Lebas had to surmount; and this too, with a deficiency of resources of every kind, in wood and iron and ropes, in a country almost a desert; and beneath a sun which created the most pestilential diseases.

M. Lebas selected the least of the Obelisks; as it was in the best state of preservation and could be more easily transported; although he estimates its weight at two hundred and fifty thousand *kilogrammes*, (about *five hundred and fifty thousand pounds avoirdupois.)* He then constructed a road or inclined plane, from the Obelisk to the ship *Luxor*, and to effect this, was obliged to level two hills of ancient rubbish, and to demolish the half of a village which lay in his route. To level these hills, required the labor of eight hundred men for three months. He proceeded to dislodge the monument: and in order to accomplish the task, adopted a method as simple as it was ingenious, and which proves our superiority in mechanical conceptions over those who have preceded us.

The operation was performed by a simple cable, passing round the head of the Obelisk, and fastened to a very heavy anchor about five hundred feet distant. The cable was held firm by a heavy beam fastened to the strong point of a prop, where the purchase was applied.

The Obelisk turned, resting itself upon a piece of oak, set into a groove by the side of its base, to protect its inferior angle.

This cylinder of about one inch radius supported for twenty-five minutes, a pressure of five hundred thousand pounds, without exhibiting the least alteration. Eight men, stationed at the rigging, accelerated or retarded, at their pleasure, the fall of the monument; which was suspended for two minutes at an angle of thirty degrees. It was then gently lowered upon the *ways*, amid the acclamations of the inhabitants and travellers collected from the vicinity. The details of this operation and the precautions which were taken, show, on the part of their author, much sagacity.

An equal degree of skill was exhibited in the second process; that of the embarkation; which took place the following day. The Obelisk was only four feet from the stern of the vessel, from which a square piece was sawed out, of sufficient dimensions to admit its entrance. Two beams were then raised in the form of a St. Andrew's cross; to which the monolith was suspended, and in the short space of an hour and a half, this gigantic mass of granite was safely deposited within its new tenement. The bow of the ship was then replaced, and every part so well put together that it was difficult to distinguish the track of the saw, or that any portion had ever been removed.

The last operation, less difficult, indeed, than the others; but yet more hazardous, consisted in traversing the Mediterranean; the tempestuous ocean; and in arriving, without accident on the coast of France. This last attempt fully answered the most sanguine wishes of the lovers of the arts. The *Luxor*, reached Toulon; started immediately after, stopped at Gibraltar for a supply of coal; again took the sea on the third of July, and our next intelligence will be, that of her arrival at Havre; from which place she will ascend the Seine to Paris.

We shall then see the scientific skill which has transported it, employed in elevating it, with equal facility. The ingenious apparatus of the French Architect M. de Montverard is already known; by means of which, the immense granite column eighty feet in height, was recently erected in St. Petersburg. This consists of a single block weighing one million five hundred thousand pounds; that is to say, three times the weight of the Obelisk. It is a simple platform, upon which a stage is erected, holding the head of the column, by eight iron tackles at four different places, and the calculation of these forces does not admit a doubt of their easy application to the Obelisk of Luxor.

It now remains to select a spot for the location of this *chef-d'œuvre* of antiquity. This question has been agitated, even in the legislative tribune; and we have thought that it cannot be better placed then in the "*Place de la Concorde.*" The public opinion, is this day consulted on the subject, and the whole population are called upon as a jury, to decide.

Let us then, ourselves use this right. We think that if we possessed the second Obelisk, it would be easy to give them both their proper location, by placing them as indicative symbols, in front of some grand edifice, such as the Pantheon, consecrated to our national glory; or the Louvre, which contains the *chef-d'œuvres* of the arts and is the habitation of kings.

But as we possess only one of these monuments; and as, at least two years will be required to obtain the other, where can it be better seen, better studied, than on the most spacious and beautiful of our Places; where it cannot be seen without awakening the most glorious recollections. It is already proved that its breadth so far from producing a bad effect, or concealing the buildings which surround it, will contribute on the whole, to their ornament; serving for a centre, rearing its lofty head, and exhibiting in beautiful relief its brilliant color, in contrast with the grey earth and white edifices of our colder climate. Its appearance will be greatly improved, when the place is cleared of the ditches; and of the uncouth little buildings which encumber it, and when it is elevated between four monumental fountains that will complete the beautiful group.

Without doubt, serious objections may be made to this plan. The Obelisks, it is said, were never intended to be isolated. I acknowledge it: but it is necessary here to distinguish the ideas associated with these monuments at different epochs. When the Egyptians placed them before their temples, they constituted but small portions of the enormous fabrics in which the vast conceptions of that people were displayed. The Obelisks of Luxor stood before a pylon of equal height with themselves, covered with sculptures, and leading to ranges of granite columns, twelve feet in diameter. Since modern art has reduced her monuments to a less size, but more perfect proportions, like the edifices of Athens and Rome, the Obelisks have been viewed as disconnected with the purposes of their original construction; and they have been found to possess in themselves beauties so peculiar in their material and workmanship, that they deserve to be placed in isolated situations; and it is thus that they have marked two of the most remarkable epochs in the history of the arts; the age of Augustus, and that of their own regeneration.

Among a score of Obelisks which the Romans took from Egypt, four only, of the smallest, were erected in front of other buildings: two before the temple of Isis, and two before the tomb of Augustus, a long time after his death. The others were all isolated: and the custom has been the same in modern Rome. They stand in the Place of St. Peter, in the Porta del Popolo; Monte-Citorio, &c., and in neither are they an injury to, nor do they destroy the effect of the edifices which surround them. The Obelisk of Theodosius, at Constantinople, retains the place it occupied in the days of Atmeidan.

We think then, that the most appropriate location has been chosen for this monument. Still better is the selection of the day on which it is to be erected. It was a happy thought, to present to view the Obelisk of Sesostris on the same day which is appointed for the consecration of the column of Napoleon: thus paying a tribute at the same moment, to the two greatest warriors of ancient and modern times, around the monuments which they had themselves erected. Worthy homage rendered by a great nation to that sentiment which has so long inspired her: the sentiment of glory hereafter inseperable in her heart, from that of liberty.

For the Literary Journal.

DEGERANDO ON SELF-EDUCATION.

"*Self-Education: or the Means and Art of Moral Progress; by Baron Degerando.*"

This book, as many readers already know, was first published at Paris, in 1824. The author originally designed it for a limited circle: but that design was changed, probably at the request of some intimate friend; and thus the world has been, and is to be instructed by the reflections of a philosopher, upon a most interesting and important topic. It is fortunate that the author listened to the voice of that friend. He has given us one of the best treatises upon ethical philosophy, that the world has known. We do not mean by this, that it is unexceptionable upon all points; neither would we depreciate the labors of Butler and Stewart, and men of kindred minds. It would be unjust so to do. They deserve commendation, for profound thought and eloquent sentiment, and have done much to disseminate valuable and exalted truths in ethical science. But at the same time, the writings of Stewart especially, want that soul—that deep and strong feeling, which are requisite in the discussion of all subjects; and more especially philosophical subjects. He could plan, much better than he could execute. His views cover too much space—they are too diffuse, and want that close and nice arrangement which is always grateful to the scholar, and even to the general reader. His taste seems to have gone far beyond his genius; and hence you will find in the pages of Dugald Stewart, many fine rhetorical passages; enough to convince you of his taste, but not of his genius. Objections like these may be brought against many other of the Moral Philosophers. We rejoice to say that the work of Degerando supplies almost all these deficiences. The noblest truths may be found there, clothed in the most beautiful and appropriate drapery. In perusing them, we feel that the head is enlightened, the heart improved, and the capacity for the enjoyment of great and profound moral truths, strengthened.

The great objection to the writings of the English moralists is, they are too cold and mechanical; too limited in their views of ethical philosophy. We want more enlarged, comprehensive views of human nature. We want the vast capacities of the soul for suffering and enjoyment, its far-reaching thought and penetration, its strange and deep passions, and longings after the unseen and mysterious, fully unfolded. And then we want the rules and limits which belong to man, not as a creature of circumstance and accident; but as a calm, rational being, placed in this world, with powers conducting him to good or to evil, with all his material and spiritual relations, his fears, and hopes, and passions, and the changes which come over him from the cradle to the grave. We want a system which after clearly defining the *theory*, shall as clearly illustrate the *practice*—take man in his infancy, in his childhood, in his meridian, and in his old age; tell of the dangers around him; the means to avoid them; the purposes of improvement; the value of wisdom; the precious germs which are wrapped up in his being, and if properly cultivated, the glorious harvest which they promise. All this we want in a perfect system of ethics; and without this, such a system is but of little practical utility.—A work of this description would be invaluable; and men who are accustomed to consider virtue as a sort of machine, excited by a selfish impulse alone, would acknowledge that it may exist in the lowliest as in the highest forms; and be exhibited so as to excite their wonder and admiration.

The leading thought, which comprises the entire system of our author, is thus expressed.—*The life of man, is, in reality, but one continued education; the end of which is, to make himself, as far as possible, perfect.* The education commences under the most sacred and dearest influence; that of a *mother.* How much is conveyed by that simple thought! a mother, regulating the unfolding faculties of the child, pointing him to the path of wisdom, duty, religion, and parental

love; and thus fitting him for the trials and joys of maturer years. In this early education, he learns the use of his senses, and the proper exercise of his faculties. And then comes the school education; which is profitable when it trains the pupil to think and act rightly, and to further the developement of the faculties and principles, the germs of which were planted by a mother's care and watered by a mother's tears.

Degerando considers moral progress to be the great purpose of our life. It is, in truth, a noble career, worthy the pursuit of the highest intellect. This moral progress consists in a harmonious combination of the intellectual and moral faculties; and invites the attention of all. Since man may always improve; there is a higher existence to which his aspirations may tend. *That*, is but the germ of a second youth; and like the flowers covered by a transient frost; it is the herald of approaching Spring. And what rich and glorious blessings does it bear upon its wings?

The various motives presented to man, are divided into five classes: the sensual, the social, the intelligent, the moral, and the religious motives. Each of these are extensively discussed. Upon the latter class, our author is exceedingly happy. He believes, that man is by nature, a religious being—that he loves goodness, and if he is educated as he ought to be educated, that the desire of excellence will be his chief aim. "O how beautiful is religion," he says, "when it can heighten the loveliness of a family picture! I have seen a confused multitude united in a temple: every soul was concentrated, every mind mingled in the same thought; and hearts were blended in song; the poor man by the side of the rich, without being jealous, had forgotton his miseries; the rich man learnt his own indigence; brotherly love, which seems to banish all social distinctions in the world, awoke free and pure: all had obtained intelligence of their destiny; all prepared for it, rejoicing together; all advanced with an equal step. How human nature is ennobled, when in this attitude! How many dark mysteries are cleared away! How much discord is hushed! The whole earth seems to pride itself, in the dignity which the most noble of mortal creatures has just acquired: the whole system of the universe is explained."

The author inculcates principles entirely at variance with most of the French and other European philosophers. He has broken away from the sophisms of Voltaire and his assosiates; and given us sound, practical and comprehensive views upon the grand topic of ethical philosophy. He treats human nature, besides, as it ought to be treated: He speaks of man and his various relations, as a philosopher might be expected to speak—liberaly, practically, generously. He considers the old systems of ethics as paradoxical, and unworthy the light and knowledge of the present age. His sentiments upon human nature, duties, obligations and hopes, are glorious and soul-inspiring. In them are conveyed all that man needs for encouragement and support; and upon them he can rest his last and dearest anticipations. They accord with the sublimest truths; and they will remain, strong as heaven's "pillared firmament." ***

For the Literary Journal.

[Our readers will probably recollect the incident on which the following Ode is founded, and the well turned remark of the mother of Washington on the trying occasion: "I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth!"]

ODE.

Lo, on Mount Vernon's airy height,
Fair morning strews her purple light;
  Young trees wave o'er the lawn;
While, far beneath, rich pastures lay;
And sparkling to each living ray,
  Potomac wanders on.

And hark, the shout that breaks her tide,
Where sporting on her margin wide,
  A youthful group doth stand;
Old Homer's fabled gods ne'er stood,
In nobler mould, in grander mood,
  Than show that gallant band.

But look at him, the loftiest one,
Who first the shore, the race hath won;
  He pauses not, but on
Through woods where starts the timid fawn,
O'er pastures green, and velvet lawn,
  He gains the mountain's throne.

"And bring him forth," he quickly said,
"The noble steed my mother bred,
  Unconquered and untried;
Young Sorrel, whose free might disdains,
Aught but to range these goodly plains,
  Or breast yon restless tide."

With swelling chest, and flaming eye,
That glared on every hero by,
  And streaming mane, he came:
His hoof reluctant spurned the ground,
His voice the wild war-trumpet's sound,
  Breathed forth his ire and shame!—

A moment stood young Washington—
Perchance he wished the feat were done—
  "Though, none but me," he cried,
"Thy ardent blood shall ever slake,
Or teach thy valiant limbs to quake,
  Beneath a master's pride."

Ah then, entreaties; quick and long,
Burst sudden from the gazing throng:
  But nought his purpose stayed:
With steady hand, and heart as true,
O'er that proud neck the reins he threw,
  And one bold leap he made;

And on the fiery creature's brow,
Big drops of rage have gathered now;
  Upreared, erect he seems:
Rider and horse bound high in air,
And Sorrel, frantic with despair,
  Poured madness' bloody streams.

Firm, undismayed, the youth still sate,
While Sorrel struggled with his fate—
  So angry Ocean raves,
Where skill and courage both combine,
While seamen rush athwart the line,
  Fast o'er ten thousand graves.

'T is done! 't is o'er—one 'wildering shock—
With anguish torn, the spirit broke!
  Down sinks he on the plain;
'Mid loud applause he falls, he dies;
And tears from generous bosoms rise
  For mighty Sorrel slain!

But looked the conqueror up, when near
His noble mother's steps they hear—
  "And how is this," said she,
"'Mongst all the steeds that course my ground,
My favorite Sorrel is not found;
  And tell me where is he?"

None spoke, till he whose ready word,
The thought, the deed, the death averred,
  With mein that showed his mind—
And she, when thus she heard the deed,
Paused, made brief mention of the steed,
Then gave to spotless Truth the meed,
  To valor first assigned.

'Twas thus, perhaps, when Freedom's sun
Rose o'er the battle field he won,
  The matchless victor stood,
With Britain's royal lion down,
The jewel falling from her crown,
  And calmly stayed the feud.

For the Literary Journal.

THE COMPARISON.

TO MARY.

The fragrant lily of the vale,
  So elegantly fair,
Whose sweets perfume each fragrant gale,
  To [illegible] I compare.

What though on earth it lowly grows,
  And strives its head to hide:
Its sweetness far outvies the rose
  That flaunts with conscious pride.

The costly tulip owes its hue
  To many a gaudy stain:
In this, we see the virgin white
  Of innocence remain.

But mark;—the *florist* sees it bloom
  In loveliness, alone;
And to preserve and cherish it,
  Transplants it, as his own.

Then, while it sheds its sweets around,
  Fresh glows each blooming grace:
Enraptured how its owner stands,
  And views its lovely face.

But pray, dear Mary, now observe
  The inference of this tale—
May I the florist be—and thou
  My lily of the vale.

For the Literary Journal.

EXTRACT FROM "THE SUN."

A NEVER-TO-BE-PUBLISHED POEM.

The warlike chief of day,
  With sword of fire,
And spear of ray,
  Hath roused from slumber;
And with tremendous flourish of that bright
And fiery brand, hath decimated quite
  The head of Night;
    And chased a number
Of her bright babes into a corner—
But, dread event! their lurking place he spies out,
And, with his red hot breath, he puffs their eyes out!

Mysterious personage! say where
Your very strong caloric you prepare—
What powers of chemistical might
You call in aid,—bituminous or anthracite,
  The fuel you consume.
  If I dared presume,
  I 'd put the question, and inquire
  If your famed steeds of fire
With phosphorus you fodder; and may they not
Be thick caparisoned with furnaces of "*Nott*,"
Their manes and tails entwined with big sky-rockets;
While you yourself have stowed, as off you trot,
A few of "Olney's Patent's" in your pockets.

Imagination, cease thy giant strides!
The mystery must remain—besides,
If it could be by mortal ken
Unravelled, and disclosed to men,
So that we all knew what 't was made of;
Compounding suns would soon be made a trade of:
  Every one
  Would have a sun,
  And put a stop to lots of fun.
No moonlight's power to soften maids;
No twilight walks in flowery glades;
No stars the charms of night to heighten;
No comets' tails the world to frighten!
For each, as he might take a notion,
Would put his individual sun in motion;
Destroying thus all chance of night;
Condemning all to endless light!
And thieves would weep; and lovers sigh;
And bats, rats, cats, fowls, owls, would die!

BEPPO.

THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

THE RIGHT MORAL INFLUENCE AND USE OF LIBERAL STUDIES: a Discourse delivered after the annual Commencement of Geneva College, August 7th, 1833, at the request of the Alpha Phi Delta and Euglossian Societies of that College: by Gulian C. Verplanck.

Among the great and continually increasing number of Orations and Addresses which are furnished for the periodical celebrations of our literary societies, but comparatively

few succeed in gaining any thing more than a local attention, or are remembered beyond the particular occasions which call them forth. This is owing not only to the vast number of these productions, but to the extreme difficulty of bestowing the charm of novelty upon a round of topics which are continually made the themes of similar essays. The nature of the occasions also, necessarily restricts the writer to a rapid glance at the prominent features of a subject whose full illustration would frequently require a volume. Still notwithstanding these disadvantages, we occasionally meet among this class of writings, sketches of deep and original power; the condensed results of philosophical research; which we gladly treasure up as materials for future study, and manuals for frequent reference. These are indeed rare; but they are for that reason, so much the more acceptable. The present work is one of this character. It gives the strongly marked outlines of a great subject; exhibiting a wide range of clear and vigorous thought, combined with a high tone of moral feeling. If this was the first and only production of Mr Verplanck's pen, it would alone entitle him to a distinguished place in the catalogue of American scholars.

One leading thought, and a noble one it is, running through the whole Discourse, is this; that all acquisitions of knowledge and all intellectual power are trusts confided to the mind: that the amount of an individual's acquirements is the exact measure of his responsibility to the world: that the obligation which rests upon the educated man to increase the sum of human knowledge, and extend the means of improvement, is the price which he, as an accountable being, is bound to pay for the benefits which *he* derives from their enjoyment.

It is difficult to convey a just impression respecting such a work, by extracting passages from it, dependant as these necessarily are for their full meaning, upon the connection in which they are placed. A few, however, we will venture to quote.

In relation to the formation of habits of contemplation and investigation, and the accession of mental power which is thus attained, he says:

"It surely needs no train of moral demonstration to prove that such a power imposes upon you the duty of at least striving to exert it. If you are successful, you may augment the happiness, you may remove or assuage the miseries of your fellow creatures, for years, for ages to come. This does not of necessity demand of you, the undivided devotion of your life, or the abandonment of the ordinary duties and cares of society. The elements of thought, of improvement, of discovery are about you. The grandest of these may not be beyond your grasp. Those apparently the most insignificant, provided, only, they be real accessions to the previous stock of knowledge, are not to be despised; for they may be pregnant with momentous consequences. They may have relations to be traced by some future observer; when they will be discovered to be the minute but constituent parts of some important invention or some salutary truth. The slight seedling that you tread upon with careless indifference, may enfold some life-giving tree, which will one day, swell out its huge bulk and throw forth its far-reaching branches, shading and sheltering weary nations, and dropping the balm of healing from its leaves. Nay, more, you know not, and unless you cherish the desire, you can never know, whether yours may not be the exalted lot and privilege, by your own immediate labors, to hasten forward the great destinies of man's knowledge and happiness."

In another passage, the strong and healthful influence of this mental power, when called into action by the pressure of events, and directed by motives which rise above the blind and ignorant frenzy which sometimes impels the multitude, is thus finely pourtrayed.

"In the most perfect freedom from all legal restraints, there may be, and there occasionally is a species of moral and social tyranny scarcely less oppressive than the heavy hand of legal severity. There may be a virulence of civil dissension inflaming and maddening society, until the best privileges of freemen seem dearly purchased at the expense of social and domestic peace. There are seasons when a proscriptive, a denunciatory spirit lords it over the passions of multitudes, and fills them with an embittered frenzy. Then it is, that society has most need of the services of those of her sons whose disciplined understanding and conscientious investigation have given them such a calm and firm attachment to their principles, as neither requires nor allows the aid of the artificial stimulus furnished by factious rage, or bigotted intolerance. Character and acquirement enable them to speak to their fellows, in the decided, though gentle tone of rational authority. At first, the voice of reason is drowned amidst the shouts and clamors of an excited multitude. At length, it rises above the dissonant noises, and make itself heard. That evil spirit which had lorded it unrestrained in the tumult of passion, hears its awful bidding, and is rebuked. He trembles and cowers, and flits away to his native darkness. Those who had moved as one man at his impulse, now stand like recovered maniacs, wondering at their own late delusion. Their fevered delirium is calmed, and their angry fury is lulled to sleep, amid the music of kind recollections and better sympathies."

We would willingly make several other extracts: but our limits will admit but one more. It contains an eloquent description of the analogy which exists between the laws of the natural and those of the intellectual world; in the minute, remote, and frequently unnoticed dependencies which govern the productions and manifestations of each.

"I have just noticed a peculiar aspect of the present state of mathematical and physical science, with which I have been often and forcibly impressed. I mean the fact that so little of it is the direct product of any single genius; but that the whole is the aggregate effect of multitudes of insulated intellectual efforts, combined with apparently accidental circumstances; all brought marvellously to coalesce in one immense and harmonious system. This consideration presents to my mind, a beautiful historical and intellectual evidence of wise and beneficent intention, superintending and directing the thoughts and labors of men; giving them relations and bearings unknown to ourselves, and guiding them all to one common and wonderful end. This strikes me as being singularly analogous to those manifestations of wise and benevolent skill, which the scientific teachers of natural theology have traced in the anatomical construction of man and animals; their several parts being adapted with matchless art to each other and to the uses of the whole; whilst the multiplied contrivance and infinite variety of all animated and inanimate nature are adjusted in exquisite proportion to one and the same vast plan, bearing throughout the impress of goodness and wisdom.

In a somewhat analogous manner, was heaped up that varied and splendid mass of literature which fills the library of the modern scholar. To create the rough materials of that literature, myriads of human beings must have thought, and felt, and acted, and suffered. The creative genius of the most original of the writers of our own day, even of those who are commonly thought *self-taught* men, must have borrowed the ground-work of its inventions or speculations, from past events; and doubtless owed much of its elevation, excitement and splendor, to the poets, authors and orators of former ages.

* * * * * * * * *

In those strangely beautiful Eastern tales that fascinate our childhood, and rarely lose their charm in our riper years, you all recollect how the gorgeous imagination of the Oriental authors delights to luxuriate upon the story of some young and bold adventurer, who wanders alone, through the deep caverns of the earth; and there sees around him, piles of golden ingots and coin, and massive plate, and burnished armor, hillocks of pearls and rubies, and sapphires, and emeralds, and diamonds; of all of which, the mystic talisman he unconsciously bears in his bosom, has made him the lord.

To the young student of our own times and country, the discipline of a thorough education is that talisman; though of far more potent command than the one of Oriental fable. Thus armed, he may climb the Muse's mount, or penetrate the deepest recesses of science. There he will find hoards more precious than countless gold or priceless gems. He has but to desire them intensely, and they become his own: for, there are to be found the Genii of arts, able to change the face of nature, and to subdue the very elements: there dwell those pure and bright intelligences that sway the heart of man, and mould to their own pleasure, the opinions and passions of nations. Mighty and proud spirits are they, who will not be commanded by wealth or power; but they bow themselves down before the daring and persevering student; voluntarily confessing themselves to be 'the slaves of the lamp, and of him who is its master.'"

Ellis's Polynesian Researches.—The fourth and concluding volume of the Polynesian Researches, has been published; and in speaking of the work as a whole, we can do little more than renew the observations already made upon its separate portions. We repeat, however, with equal confidence and pleasure, that in our opinion, no one can peruse these volumes, without satisfaction with the manner in which their author has accomplished his task; and few can read them, without obtaining an amount of valuable information which can be found in no other similar work of equal extent. The geography, natural history and phenomena of the Pacific Islands, the manners and customs of the natives, their history, traditions, arts, language, mythology, and the effects produced by the progress of civilization, have each been made the subject of minute and careful examination. Mr Ellis has conferred a favor not only upon scientific men, but upon the reading community generally, by the publication of this work. It is one which has been for a long time wanted. Much had been previously written on these subjects; but there was very little worthy of confidence, as authority.—The present work is full and ample. There is apparently nothing superficial either in its descriptions or in the examinations from which they were drawn. It is the result of a residence for years among the scenes and objects to which it relates; and has every claim to be admitted and received as a standard work.

A New Treatise on French Pronunciation, &c.; by Mons. B. F. Bugard. Philadelphia; Marshall, Clark, & Co.: Providence; Marshall, Brown, & Co.—We believe that this work will prove an excellent manual to those who are engaged in the study of the French language, and who are desirous to pronounce it with readiness and accuracy. The method which it points out, is extremely simple; and although of very easy, it is at the same time of very extensive application. This system, an outline of which was given by the author at a lecture delivered in this city, a few weeks since, is briefly explained in the title page of the volume. It is "a Series of Rules, by which every person acquainted with the *English* language may readily ascertain the *French* pronunciation of all words; even of those which do not belong to the French language." These rules are not intended particularly to apply to the pronunciations of *words*, as such: but to the pronunciation of any combination of sounds represented by letters, the sounds or articulations of which letters are represented by standards selected from the English language: so that whenever a word or combination of letters is to be pronounced, it requires but a slight effort of memory to determine its correct sound, by the application of a simple rule. It is, of course, impossible for any person to attain the exact pronunciation of a foreign language, through the medium of books alone: for this can only be done by the oral instruction of a competent teacher. Still we think that a student may, by the application of the system of Mons. Bugard, attain the correct pronunciation of the French, with much less assistance than by any other method which we have ever examined. This system is in many respects, new; and may doubtless be improved: but in its present state, it certainly well deserves the attention of all who desire to become acquainted with a language which is now almost universally studied as a branch of a polite education. A slight examination of this book will show, that its author is perfectly master of his subject; and that his method of instruction is the result of minute as well as extensive study and investigation. As such, we most cheerfully recommend it to public attention.

The Steward's Reckoning; or, a Series of Sermons upon the tenor and character of every man's account with his conscience and his God: by William A. Clark, D. D., Rector of All Saints' Church, New-York. New-York: N. B. Holmes.—This volume contains eighteen sermons under the same general title; each of which, in the connexion in which it here stands, appears intended rather as a division of the general subject, than as a separate discourse. This subject is indeed one of vast extent. It embraces the whole circle of Christian duties; all that the individual owes to himself, his fellow men and his Creator: the use of the "talents" with which he has been entrusted, for his own improvement, the advancement of virtue, and the promotion of the best interests of those around him. Though some of the author's views may not receive the unqualified assent of all denominations, still every candid reader will admit that the whole work bears ample evidence of the zealous devotion and deep feeling of responsibility under which it was written.

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Miscellaneous Selections.

THE CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

[By Sir Henry Wotton, Provost of Eaton, who died in 1639. This was published in the "Reliquæ Wottonianæ," 1651.]

How happy is he born or taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill:

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of princes ear, or vulgar breath:

Who hath his life from rumors freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great:

Who envies none whom chance doth raise,
Or vice: who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend:

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having *nothing*, yet hath *all*.

VICTORIOUS MEN OF EARTH.

[This fine moral sonnet is extracted from the Masque of 'Cupid and Death," written in 1653, by James Shirley.)

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are:
Though you bind in every shore
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day.
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey,
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls you to the crowd of common men.

Devouring famine, plague and war
Each able to undo mankind
Death's servile emissaries are:
Not to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill:
A *smile* or *kiss*, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a *heart*.

MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

[The author of this celebrated old song, is unknown; but it is generally attributed to Sir Edward Dyer, the friend and associate of Sir Philip Sidney. It is found in several of the collections of poetry made during the sixteenth century; but the different copies exhibit many variations. The following version is probably the most correct.]

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God for Nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack, my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthly store;
Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye,
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my heart can toss,
I brook what is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend—
I loath not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is—
I fear not Fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such, as may not move
For beauty bright or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will,
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them who toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I want to kill,
I feign not love where most I hate,
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill:
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all would do so well as I.

SUMMER'S GONE.

BY MRS NORTON.

Hark, through the dim woods dying,
With a moan,
Faintly the winds are sighing—
Summer's gone!
There when my bruised heart feeleth,
And the pale moon her face revealeth,
Darkly my footstep stealeth
To weep alone.
Hour after hour I wander,
By men unseen—
And sadly my wrung thoughts ponder,
On what *hath* been;
Summer's gone!

There in our own green bowers
Long ago,
Our path through the tangled flowers
Treading slow;
Oft hand in hand entwining—
Oft side by side reclining—
We 've watched in its crimson shining,
The sunset glow.
Dimly the sun now burneth
For me alone—
Spring after Spring returneth;
Summer's gone!

Still on my warm cheek playeth
The restless breeze:
Still in its freshness strayeth
Between the trees.
Still the blue streamlet gusheth—
Still the broad river rusheth—
Still the calm silence husheth
The heart's disease:
But who shall bring our meetings
Back again?
What shall recall *thy* greetings—
Love in vain!
Summer's gone!

THE MIND.

Oh! magic of the mind, whose might
Can make the desert heavenly fair,
And fill with forms divinely bright
The dreary vacancy of air,
And speed the soul from clime to clime,
Though stormy oceans roar in vain,
And bid the restless wheels of Time
Roll backward to their goal again.

The riches that the Mind bestows,
Outshine the purple's proudest dye,
And pale the brightest gold that glows
Beneath the Indian's burning sky!
The Mind can dull the deepest smart,
And smooth the bed of suffering,
And, 'midst the winter of the heart,
Can renovate a second spring.

Then let me joy, whate'er betide,
In that uncounted treasury,
Nor grieve to see the step of pride,
In purple trappings sweeping by;
Nor murmur if my fate shut out
The gaudy world's tumultuous din!
He recks not of the world without,
Who feels he bears a world within!

It appears, from the annals of Spain, that, in an incredibly short space of time, six thousand Jews, Moors, but chiefly heretical Christians, were committed to the flames under the direction of Torquemado, Grand Inquisitor to Isabella, Queen of Arragon; and eighteen thousand Christian heretics perished at the scaffold, or at the stake in the Netherlands, in the sixteenth century, under the short administration of the Duke of Alva!

To bear and forbear is the grand surety of happiness, and ought to be the grand study of life. It is that "charity which suffereth long, and is kind, and is not easily provoked."

We are all of us too apt to repeat stories to the prejudice of others, even though we do not believe them. Well, indeed, does St. James say that "the tongue is an unruly member."

Lorenzo de Medici being asked, who are the greatest fools in the world, replied, "Those surely, who put themselves in a passion with fools."

There are three sights most detestable:—a proud priest giving his blessings,—a knavish hypocrite saying his prayers, and a false patriot making a harangue.

Hard Words.—A young clergyman, who had delivered a discourse in place of an aged brother minister, requested the opinion of the latter respecting it. "Oh," said he, plainly, "many of the words you used were beyond the comprehension of your hearers; thus the word *inference*, for instance—perhaps not half of my parishioners understood its meaning." "Inference, inference!" exclaimed the other, "why, every one must understand that." "I think you will find it not so—there's my clerk, now he prides himself upon his learning, and in truth, he is very intelligent; we will try him. Zachariah, come hither, Zachariah; my brother here wishes you to *draw* an *inference*,—can you do it?" "Why, I 'm pretty strong, but Jonabab, the coachman, is stronger than I—I 'll ask him." Zachariah went out a few minutes, after the coachman, and returned. "Jonabab says he has never tried to draw an inference, sir, but he reckons his horses will draw any thing that the traces will hold!"—*Young Men's Advocate.*

Small Critics.—A man of genius and great sensibility to beautiful scenery, used to tell of his having visited, at daybreak, a mountain in Wales, that commanded peculiarly charming prospects, in order to view the effects of a sunrise. It is unfortunately necessary, however, to have a Welsh guide, and the Welshman thought himself in duty bound to explain all the beauties that lay around him. He concluded his long jargon by saying, whilst he pointed to the orb of day, "and there you see the sun rising as naturally as possible!" Was not this man a near resemblance to many critics on Shakspeare?—*Campbell.*

Bon Mot.—Sir William Garrow, when at the Bar, was endeavoring, by the examination of an old woman, to prove the tender of a debt before the action was brought, which would have been fatal to the plaintiff. The old lady, however, was too wary, and nothing satisfactory could be elicited from her. Master Jekyl, (then also at the Bar,) observed this wordy war, and taking up a slip of paper, wrote upon it, and handed it to Garrow, who immediately sat down laughing immoderately at the lines on the paper, which were these:—

"Garrow, forbear; that tough old jade
Will never prove a *tender made.*"

The Duke of Marlborough being indisposed, was pressed by the Dutchess, to take some medicine; she, with her usual warmth, added, "I 'll be hanged, if it do not prove serviceable." "Dr. Garth, being present, said "Do take it then, my Lord, for it must be of service one way or the other."

David Hume, to induce a young lady, who was very fond of reading novels, to read history, told her that there was no great difference between them, in point of falsehood, one being in general almost as true as the other.

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